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KAZAR™

THE SAVAGE IS DEAD...LONG LIVE

SHANNA THE SAVAGE™

RON + ARMANDO

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22 JAN

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KA-ZAR™ THE SAVAGE IS DEAD...LONG LIVE

SHANNA

THE SAVAGE™

...LY BUGLE

E SAVAGE IS DEAD!!!

SABER-TOOTH KILLED IN ATTACK INCIDENT

BY SORK EDENDSKY

HI, FOLKS. EDITOR LOUISE JONES HERE, AND--AS PROMISED--WE'VE GOT OUR LONG-AWAITED ARMANDO GIL PHOTOTORIAL.

IT'S A TYPICAL DAY AT THE BULLPEN, WHEN IN WALKS ARMANDO TO TELL KA-ZAR CO-EDITOR, DANNY FINGEROTH, HIS TALE OF WOE...

HI, DANNY! I SURE AM GLAD I'LL BE BACK INKING *KA-ZAR* NEXT MONTH, AND EVEN PENCILING SOME OF IT.

THEN WHERE'RE THE PAGES THAT ARE DUE TODAY, ARMANDO? WE CAN'T PRINT 'EM IF THEY'RE NOT HERE!

WELL, I... ER... WOULD'VE HAD 'EM, BUT--

YEAH, YEAH. WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE THIS TIME?

WELL, UH, YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS, BUT...

YEAH, GO ON...

WELL... UM...

YEAH?

YOU'RE *REALLY* NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS...

...BUT MY CAT ATE THE PAGES!

YOUR CAT?! COME ON, ARMANDO, THAT'S THE *OLDEST* EXCUSE IN THE BOOK!

BUT IT'S TRUE!

YEAH, YEAH...

IT IS! LOOK--HERE'S MY *CAT!*

ROWRORR!

=GAK!= =GAK!=

Photography: **ELIOT R. BROWN**

Script: **DANNY FINGEROTH**

KEVIN PLUNDER REQUIESCAT

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DO THINGS LIKE THIS REALLY HAPPEN? DO PEOPLE YOU LOVE REALLY DIE... DOES LIFE JUST STOP FOR THEM? DOES GOD ALLOW THIS? AM I REALLY STANDING HERE IN NEW YORK CITY, THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM THE JUNGLE I LOVE, ORDERING SOME STRANGER TO CUT WORDS INTO A SLAB OF GRANITE?...

PETER PARKER'S STANDING OVER THERE WATCHING ME... HE HAS A CONCERNED LOOK IN HIS EYE... SWEET PETER... HE THINKS I'M A LITTLE CRAZY... MAYBE I AM... MAYBE WE'RE ALL A LITTLE CRAZY... MAYBE THIS IS JUST A CRAZY DREAM...

JMENTS

SHANNA THE SAVAGE!

SHANNA?

KEVIN

BRUCE JONES
SCRIPT

RON FRENZ
BREAKDOWNS

MEL CANDIDO
FINISHES

DON WARFIELD
COLORS

JANICE CHIANG
LETTERS

JONES AND FINGEROTH
EDITORS

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

MAYBE I'LL WAKE UP SOON AND KEVIN WILL BE ALIVE AND WE'LL LAUGH AND HE'LL SAY, "POOR DARLING, NOW WASN'T THAT A SILLY DREAM?"...

SHANNA? HEY!

WAKE ME UP, KEVIN... PLEASE WAKE ME UP, BABY...

THE MAN SAYS HE'LL SHIP KA-ZAR'S STONE TO WHEREVER YOU WANT. WE CAN GIVE HIM THE DETAILS LATER. YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M ALL RIGHT. CAN WE GO NOW? I'M A LITTLE TIRED...

SURE...

NICE LOOKIN' LADY, TOO BAD ABOUT HER BOYFRIEND...

SHE'LL FIND ANOTHER... SHE'S YOUNG...

THE IRT LINE, MIDTOWN... SHANNA'S THOUGHTS RACE BACK... BACK...

"...CAN HAPPEN WITH A SEVERE HEAD WOUND LIKE THIS ONE, MS. O'HARA...

"...BUT WE FEEL CERTAIN HIS LAST MOMENTS...

"...WERE PAINLESS..."

...YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT WE DID EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER -- EVERYTHING THAT WAS HUMANLY POSSIBLE FOR HIM. PERHAPS... PERHAPS IF WE'D GOTTEN TO HIM SOONER... IF HE HADN'T RUN AMOK THROUGH THE CITY...

HE... HE ISN'T DEAD...

...H-HE'S JUST IN A COMA OR SOMETHING... A TRANCE OR SOMETHING... SOME PEOPLE GET LIKE THAT... THEY'RE CATATONIC, SORT OF... ISN'T THAT RIGHT, PETER?

TELL THEM, PETER. TELL THEM HE'S JUST IN A COMA...

SHANNA... HONEY, THEY'VE CHECKED HIM. KA-ZAR'S DEAD. HE'S DEAD.

C'MON... LET'S GO NOW...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS CAT?

HE'S MAD 'CAUSE THEY WON'T LET HIM IN TO SEE HIS MASTER'S BODY.

GIVE HIM ANOTHER TRANQUILIZER, TED!

THEN WE CAN GET HIM BACK TO THE ZOO FOR SAFEKEEPING.

BOTH RAMONA AND I ARE DEEPLY SORRY ABOUT THIS, MISS O'HARA. KA-ZAR WAS A FINE YOUNG MAN. IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO...

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT ME, SHANNA... BUT I *AM* GENUINELY SORRY...

THANK YOU... BUT I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING MUCH TO DO, BUT GO ON SOMEHOW...

...GO ON SOMEHOW...GO ON...GO ON...ON...

SHANNA? YOU STILL IN THERE?

HMM?

YES... I-- I'M JUST A LITTLE OUT OF IT, I GUESS... STUFFY IN THIS SUBWAY. IS IT MUCH FARTHER TO MY HOTEL?

I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD GO BACK THERE YET. YOU'LL JUST STARE AT THE WALLS. HOW ABOUT A CUP OF COFFEE AT MY PLACE?

WHATEVER YOU SAY...

...AND THEN WE MET BUTH AND THE BIRD-PEOPLE AND SPENT QUITE A BIT OF TIME WITH THEM IN PANGEA. *SIGH* THAT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A LONG TIME AGO NOW...

YOU DON'T MIND ME TALKING ABOUT HIM, DO YOU, PETER?

WHAT? HECK, NO! TALK AWAY! IT'S GOOD FOR YOU TO REMEMBER HIM, SHANNA. YOU SHOULDN'T TRY TO ERASE HIS MEMORY...

...YOU SHOULD SAVOR IT. HE'LL LIVE ON THAT WAY, IN YOU...IN ALL OF US...

OH, COME OFF IT, PARKER, IT'S NOT HIM YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT!

YOU'RE A NICE GUY, PETER, BUT YOU'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO MORE THAN HOLD MY HAND FROM THE MINUTE YOU SET EYES ON ME!

KISS ME, PETER! *KISS* ME! MAKE ME *FEEL* SOMETHING!

MAKE ME KNOW I'M STILL ALIVE!

ALL RIGHT...I'LL ADMIT I'VE BEEN WANTING TO KISS YOU-- I'M HUMAN. I'VE BEEN WANTING TO HOLD YOU AND CARESS YOU AND DO A WHOLE LOT MORE...

...AND WITH MY LOVE LIFE THE WAY IT IS NOW, THAT'S PROBABLY PRETTY STUPID.*.

...BUT ANSWER ME THIS: WHEN YOU'RE STANDING HERE PASSIONATELY KISSING ME, HOW MANY OF US ARE IN THE ROOM... HUH, SHANNA? HOW MANY OF US ARE THERE?

*SEE SPIDEY'S OWN MAG FOR DETAILS --L.J. & D.F.

WHEN THE ANSWER IS 'JUST TWO', THEN MAYBE I'LL BE READY, SHANNA...

...AND SO WILL YOU...

I *HATE* HIM! I *HATE* HIM, PETER!

NO...

HOW COULD HE *DO* THIS TO ME? HOW COULD HE GO AND DIE LIKE THAT? STUPID, STUPID *FOOL*!

ALWAYS GETTING HIMSELF INTO SOME SORT OF JAM, USUALLY OVER SOME BLOODY WORTHLESS FEMALE!

I WAS FINE BEFORE I MET HIM, JUST FINE!

I WAS PERFECTLY HAPPY! I HAD MY WORK, MY ANIMALS!

I DIDN'T NEED SOME WITLESS, IMMATURE, TACTLESS, HALF-BOY, HALF-MAN TO COME ALONG AND RUIN MY PERFECTLY LOVELY LIFE BY MAKING ME NEED HIM--AND THEN *DYING* ON ME!

I *HATE* HIM, PETER! I *HATE* HIM!

HOW COULD HE DIE AND LEAVE ME ALL ALONE?

YOU'RE NOT ALONE, SHANNA... I PROMISE YOU. YOU'RE NOT ALONE...

SOON.

ALL CRIED OUT NOW?

FOR A WHILE; ANYWAY...

HOW 'BOUT SOME COFFEE NOW... *IN* THE CUP, THIS TIME...

YOU'RE A PRETTY GOOD KISSER, YOU KNOW THAT?

YOU'RE NOT BAD YOURSELF...

I'D LIKE TO TRY IT AGAIN SOMEDAY...

GO SLOW, LADY. I'VE GOT MY OWN EMOTIONAL CRISES.

SUCH AS...?

RIIIIING

SAVED BY THE BELL, PETER?

WHEN I *WANT* TO BE SAVED, YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW IT. EXCUSE ME!

HELLO?... YES... YES, BUT SHE'S NOT IN ANY CONDITION TO--WHAT, *WHAT? WHEN?* DEAR LORD...

... YES... YES, I'LL TELL HER...

TELL HER WHAT? PETER, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

IT'S ZABU... HE'S...

THEY'VE KILLED HIM, HAVEN'T THEY? THE MURDERING BUTCHERS, THEY'VE *KILLED* HIM! GET OUT OF MY WAY--

SHANNA, WAIT! LET ME TAKE YOU DOWN THERE!

HOLD THAT CAB!

TAXI

I WANT TO GO TO THE BRONX ZOO-- *PRONTO!*

WELL, GET *HER!*

GEEZ, LADY, CALM DOWN!

DON'T TELL ME TO CALM DOWN, YOU HALF-WIT!

I'VE CALMED DOWN ENOUGH FOR YOU IDIOT CITY-DWELLERS!

LEAN MEAN SEX MACHINE

IT'S HIGH TIME SOMEBODY BROUGHT A LITTLE OF THE SAVAGE LAND TO THE BIG APPLE! SOMEBODY WHO DOESN'T HAVE HIS HEAD IN BANDAGES!

SHANNA GRABS THE WHEEL AND TROMPS THE PEDAL...

NOW YOU JUST SIT TIGHT LIKE A GOOD BOY AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DRIVE ONE OF THESE...

SKREEEEEEEE

YOU'RE *NUTS*, LADY! YOU'RE GONNA LOSE BOTH OUR LICENSES FOR US!

SCREECH

KLONNGG!

NOT ME, CURLY. I DON'T OWN ONE.

...DON'T...OWN...ONE???

HONK! HONK!

SCREEEEEEECH!

VA-ROOOOOM

HOOOONK!

BEEP BEEP

LOOK OUT, YA CRAZY BROAD!

HEY! HEY! BOYS IN BLUE! I'M BEING KIDNAPPED!!

STEP ON IT, PHIL, I THINK WE'VE GOT A LIVE ONE!

VAROOOOOOM!

REEEEEEEEEE WOOP WOOP WOOP

POLICE

POLICE

SCREEEEECH!

POLICE

POLICE

WATCH IT! LOOK OUT FOR THAT *VOLKS!*

CRIMINEY! DID SHE SET THAT UP ON PURPOSE? WHO *IS* THIS BROAD?

POLICE

POLICE

YOU WANT ME TO DRIVE, BEN?

POLICE

POLICE

SHUT UP, PHIL!

SHE'S PROBABLY ON SOMETHIN'-- NO SENSE IN GETTING OURSELVES KILLED OVER A DOPER...

SHUT-UP, PHIL...

THAT WAY! SHE WENT THAT WAY!

MAIL

IS THAT THE CAB, THERE IN FRONT OF THE ZOO?

THAT'S THE CAB-- WHERE'S THE BROAD?

BRONX ZOO

BRONX ZOO

OKAY, PAL, WHERE'D SHE GO?

Y-YOU G-GUYS KNOW HOW MANY WHEELS A C-CAB LIKE THIS N-NEEDS TO T-TAKE A CORNER?...

TWO?

...ONE...

WHILE INSIDE THE ZOO...

MORGUE

MORGUE

WAIT A MINUTE! HOLD ON! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT UNDER THERE?

WHAT HAPPENED TO ZABU, DOCTOR?

M-MOST UNFORTUNATE... YOU SEE, WE WERE EXPERIENCING SOME DIFFICULTY IN SEDATING THE ANIMAL...

...AHEM! SUCH A LARGE BEAST YOU KNOW, AND, ER, WE FELT IT NECESSARY TO CALL IN DR. COURTLAND TO ASSIST US --

MISS O'HARA!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE INDISPOSED!

COURTLAND? THE COURTLAND WHO FLEW US HERE FROM THE SAVAGE LAND? WHAT'S HE HAVE TO DO WITH THIS?

OH, MY WORD, YOUNG LADY, DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT DR. COURTLAND IS AN EXPERT ON HERBALLY EXTRACTED DRUGS AND POISONS?

SO WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL; AHEM! AS I SAID, DR. COURTLAND AGREED TO HELP AND HIS WIFE RAMONA CAME DOWN TO ADMINISTER AN INJECTION...

...BUT THE ANIMAL SEEMED EXTREMELY AGITATED BY THE SIGHT OF HER... IT TRIED TO *ATTACK* HER...

...FORTUNATELY, ULP! MRS. COURTLAND WAS ARMED...

ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT RAMONA COURTLAND *SHOT* ZABU? ARE YOU TELLING ME SHE *MURDERED* HIM?

WELL, I HARDLY THINK THE WORD "MURDER" APPL--

NO!!

YOU'RE *KILLING* US! YOU'RE ALL KILLING US ONE BY ONE! *STOP IT! STOP IT!*

GET HELP! SHE'S MAD!

THERE SHE IS! GRAB HER!

EXIT

DASHING TO THE ANIMAL CAGES, SHANNA YANKS THEM OPEN ONE BY ONE...

GRAB ONTO *THIS*, BLUEBOY!

AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT TAKE A LITTLE OF THIS!

GET HER!

YOU GET HER

USE YOUR CLUB!

GRAB HER LEGS

SHE'S BEHIND YOU!

OOF!

LOOK OUT!

GET OUT OF THE WAY!

GOOD! GOOD!

WE GOT HER!

MIDNIGHT, BELLVUE HOSPITAL...

ONE MINUTE PAST MIDNIGHT-- THE **ROOFTOP** OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL...

ONE MINUTE TWENTY SECONDS PAST MIDNIGHT...

OH, EXCUSE ME, ARE YOU ALL TIED UP AT THE MOMENT?

SPIDER-MAN!

MY FRIEND PETER PARKER SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN A LIKING TO YOU. HE ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU A HAND. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE ONE!

GET ME OUT OF THIS THING!

HE ALSO SAID YOU HAVE A BAD TEMPER AND WERE PRONE TO THROWING THINGS, SO PERHAPS I'D BETTER DECLINE UNWRAPPING THE PACKAGE BEFORE I DELIVER THE PRESENT...

THEY KILLED KA-ZAR AND THEY KILLED ZABU! NOW I'M GOING TO KILL THEM!

I WOULDN'T DO THAT, SWEETS, NOT BEFORE YOU'VE CONFERRED WITH PETER, ANYWAY.

I DON'T NEED PETER. I DON'T NEED ANYONE!

I'M GOING TO PLAY IT *JUNGLE-STYLE* NOW-- THE WAY KA-ZAR WOULD HAVE!

THAT'S BETWEEN YOU AND PETER. I HAVE TO GO BEAT UP A SUPER VILLAIN NOW OR I LOSE MY HERO'S LICENSE. STAY COOL.

AND IF IT HELPS AT ALL, I'M SORRY ABOUT KA-ZAR...

REALLY.

AND SECONDS LATER, AFTER A DISCREET CHANGE OF ATTIRE...

SHANNA! IT'S PETER! SPIDER-MAN TOLD ME YOU WERE--

-- GONE! AND IN LESS TIME THAN IT TOOK ME TO SWITCH OUTFITS!

THE GIRL IS A PRIZE... A GENUINE PRIZE!

TWELVE-THIRTY-THREE A.M...THE APARTMENT OF RAMONA AND DR. COURTLAND...

VOICES...COMING DOWN THE HALL...

...FEEL SORRY FOR HER.

REALLY, MY DEAR?

DR. COURTLAND! AND RAMONA!

...GRIEF WILL PASS, IT ALWAYS DOES.

MMM, PERHAPS.

YOU LOOK TIRED, MY DEAR. SHALL I FIX YOU A DRINK?

THAT WOULD BE LOVELY.

THEN I'LL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO GET YOU OUT OF NEW YORK FOR AWHILE!

GOOD!

AH, HERE WE ARE! MARTINI ALL RIGHT?

FINE.

SAY... I THOUGHT I SHUT THAT WINDOW BEFORE WE LEFT!

REALLY...

...WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE WRONG, DOC.

MUST BE GETTING SENILE... HERE'S YOUR DRINK, MY DEAR.

THANKS.

WHAT ABOUT THE O'HARA WOMAN? IS SHE GOING TO BE A PROBLEM, DOC?

NOT AT ALL. I'LL GET THE PASSPORT PEOPLE TO KICK HER OUT OF NEW YORK IF I HAVE TO.

YOU CERTAINLY ARE THE CLEVER ONE.

CLEVER PEOPLE ARE LIVING PEOPLE, MY DEAR, REMEMBER THAT.

DOES THAT MEAN KA-ZAR WASN'T VERY CLEVER, DOC?

;HEH-HEH; NOW LET'S NOT SPEAK ILL OF THE DEAD, SHALL WE, MY DEAR?

DRAT, I'M OUT OF CIGARETTES! I'LL JUST RUN DOWN TO THE CORNER.

FINE. I'M GOING TO TAKE A HOT BATH.

THE SOUND OF A CLOSING DOOR...

THEN--

UH!

GOOD EVENING!

HOW DOES IT FEEL, RAMONA? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO KNOW THAT IN A FEW SECONDS, I'M GOING TO PUT AN END TO YOUR MISERABLE EXISTENCE?

YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DESTROY ANY MORE LIVES, RAMONA, THE WAY YOU DESTROYED CHARLIE'S, AND KA-ZAR'S AND ZABU'S AND MINE AND LORD KNOWS HOW MANY OTHERS!

I'M GOING TO DO THE WORLD A BIG FAVOR...

BUT RECOVERING FROM HER SURPRISE, THE WOMAN COMES SUDDENLY, BRUTALLY ALIVE, WITH AN ELBOW TO THE STOMACH...

GUESS AGAIN, LEOPARD-LADY...

AGH!

AND WITH A LITHE TWIST, SENDS THE JUNGLE QUEEN SPINNING ACROSS THE ROOM, CAREENING OFF THE COFFEE TABLE...

NICE! GOOD FOOT-WORK! I WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN YOU CREDIT!

SHANNA REBOUNDS AND CLOSES STEEL FINGERS ABOUT THE OTHER WOMAN'S SLIM THROAT...

BUT ONE THING WE LEARN EARLY ON IN THE JUNGLE IS TO BE QUICKER THAN THE NEXT GUY! KA-ZAR WAS THE QUICKEST THING IN THE FOREST--

-- BUT I WASN'T HALF-BAD MYSELF!

AAGGHH!

CRASH!

THE PLATINUM BLONDE FALLS JARRINGLY BACK, LASHING OUT WITH HER RIGHT FOOT...

...KNOCKING SHANNA BACKWARD AGAINST THE LIGHT SWITCH...

THUMP!

THE ROOM FLARES INTO BRILLIANCE...

WHAT THE--!!

YOU AREN'T RAMONA COURTLAND! WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?

I TOLD YOU SHE'D BE TROUBLE!

I'M AFRAID YOU WERE RIGHT.

PITY. I THOUGHT WE COULD GET THROUGH THIS LAST PART WITHOUT ANY ADDITIONAL VIOLENCE... IT APPEARS *I* WAS WRONG...

DR. COURTLAND? WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHO IS THIS WOMAN? WHERE'S RAMONA?

SO MANY QUESTIONS... SO LITTLE TIME. IT DOESN'T MATTER. YOU SEE, MISS O'HARA... I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ERASE THE SLATE COMPLETELY... FOREVER...

FORGIVE ME... BUT IT REALLY *IS* THE ONLY WAY...

KA-CHOW!

NO-- AGH!

THUMP!

I-I DIDN'T WANT IT TO END THIS WAY... SHE WAS AN INNOCENT VICTIM...

MAYBE YOU BETTER LET HER HAVE IT AGAIN JUST TO BE SURE.

ONE IS ENOUGH FOR ME, MY DEAR, I DON'T MISS.

IF YOU'RE VYING FOR A HIGHER PRICE, FORGET IT--A DEAL'S A DEAL! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

SHE WAS FAST. *TOO* FAST! YOU DIDN'T TELL ME! SHE HURT MY ARM!

TO BE CONTINUED?!?!

IN THE DAYS WHEN KA-ZAR WAS A BOY...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TALES of ZABU!

IN THE SAVAGE LAND, ZABU THE SABER-TOOTH AND THE UNCONSCIOUS BOY WHOSE LIFE HE IS SWORN TO PROTECT, LORD KEVIN PLUNDER, FLEE BEFORE THE WRATH OF THE GREAT PTERANDON WHO PURSUES THEM.

BUT THEIR FLIGHT HAS BROUGHT THEM ONLY TO EDGE OF A CLIFF--A CLIFF WHOSE EDGE, WITH A SICKENING CRACKING SOUND, NOW GIVES WAY BENEATH THEIR WEIGHT, HURLING THEM INTO THE ABYSS!

BRUCE JONES
SCRIPT
VAL MAYERIK
ART
JANICE CHIANG
LETTERS
DON WARFIELD
COLORS
LOUISE JONES
EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

FREEFALL

THERE IS NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT FALL... THE CHILD IS BEYOND SAVING THIS TIME...

...AND OVER...

...AND OVER...

...AND OVER...

...AND OVER...

...AND OVER...

...AND OVER...

ZABU CAN ONLY WATCH HELPLESSLY AS THE BOTTOM OF THE GORGE RUSHES UP TO THEM AND THEY ROLL OVER...

KER-SPLASH!

THE IMPACT OF THE LONG FALL NEARLY TEARS THE SKIN FROM THE BIG CAT'S FACE...

...BUT THE COLD MOUNTAIN WATER SHOCKS THE WEARINESS FROM HIS BONES. HIS SENSES COME VIBRANTLY ALIVE...

THE CHILD! IS THE MAN-CHILD STILL ALIVE?

FASTER, FASTER! MUST GET HIM TO SHORE! THERE MAY YET BE A CHANCE! THE LITTLE ONE IS MADE OF STURDY STUFF!

HURRY! HIS FACE IS IN THE WATER! GET HIM OUT! GET HIM DRY!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! JUST A BIT FURTHER NOW...

CRACK!

THE TRAP IS SPRUNG.

THERE IS NO TIME TO THINK OF THE AWFUL PAIN ROCKETING THROUGH HIS MANGLED LEG... THERE IS ONLY TIME TO WATCH THE DEADLY GLINT OF SUNLIGHT GLARING DOWN ON HIM...

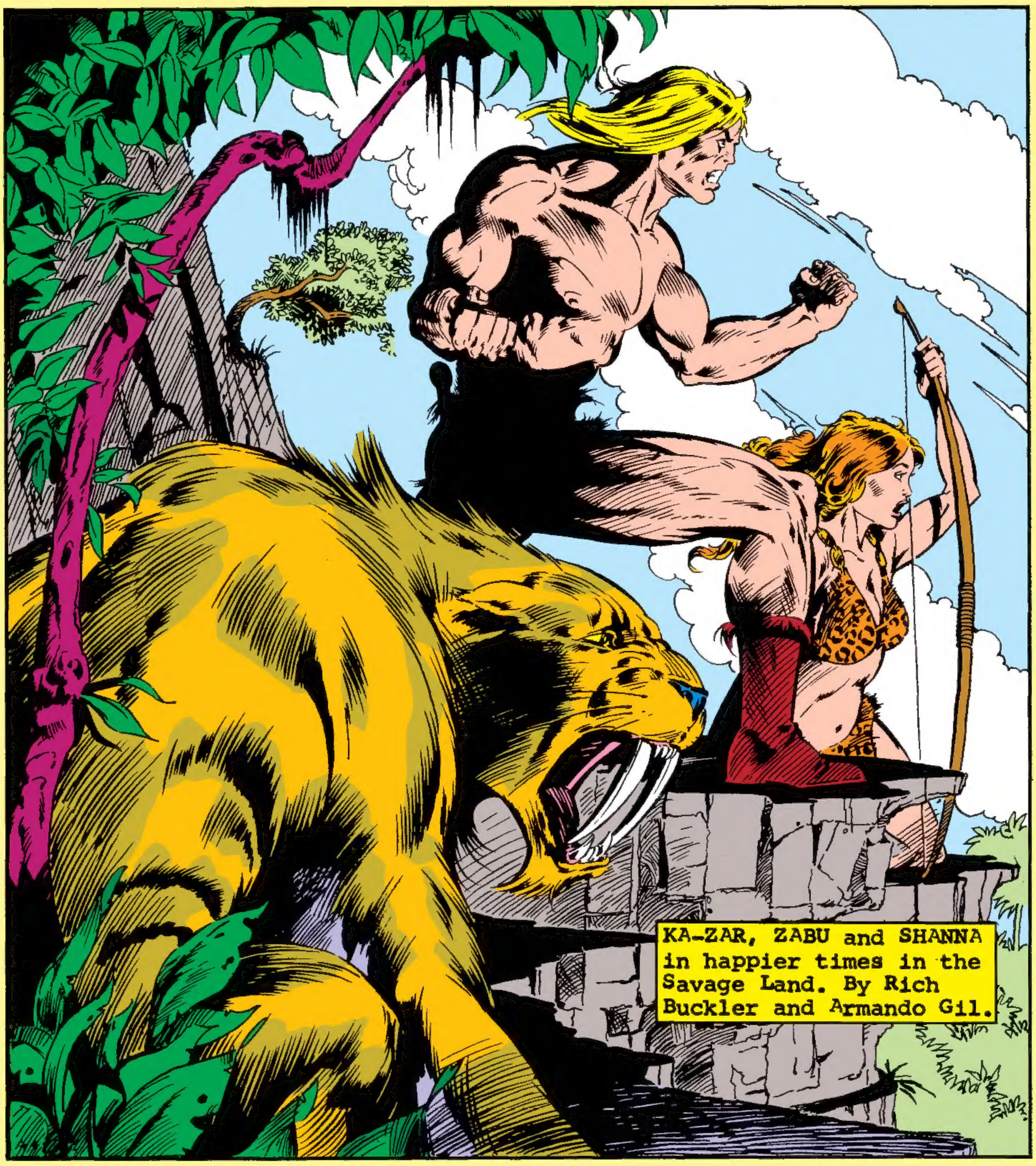
...FROM THE RAZOR EDGE OF MAA-GOR'S FLINT-TIPPED SPEAR!

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH!

BECAUSE JIM SHOOTER DEMANDED IT...

Hi, folks!

Another (yawn) Louise Jones editorial, but this one, at least, is short. Although the typesetting machine is working (even though the air conditioning still is not), I am again typing my editorial. After all, how can I expect Eliot Brown, Marvel's ace typesetter, to act as photographer on this month's **phototorials** **and** set type at the same time? But seriously, folks, Eliot is swamped--spending his every waking hour on the much heralded first volume of the OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE. It'll be on sale in two or three weeks and it looks great!



There is a nasty rumor going 'round that we're gonna be playing "musical artists" on KA-ZAR. Nothing could be further from the truth. Even though issues #23 and #24 will be pencilled by Bob Hall and Armando Gil (I told you Armando would be pencilling soon), while Ron Frenz fills in with STAR WARS #67 and an upcoming issue of INDIANA JONES, Ron will be back for KA-ZAR #25. And since Armando will be inking all of #23 and #24, anyway, I'll bet you won't be able to tell where Hall stops and Gil begins. I'm almost tempted to offer a NO-PRIZE to the person who correctly guesses Who Pencilled What! Armando, by the way, will be doing the covers for both issues ALL BY HIMSELF! Real pretty!

But, you might ask, how can Armando do a KA-ZAR cover when there isn't any more KA-ZAR? How can he do a Shanna cover when it looks like Shanna's bit the big one?

Trust us.

Louise

ONE DAY AT MARVEL, EDITOR LOUISE JONES GETS A PHONE CALL...

COLLECT CALL FROM MR. BOO. WILL YOU ACCEPT THE CHARGES?

UH, I GUESS SO...

ROARRR!

OH-- ZABU! HOW YA DOIN'?

ROARR!

WHAT? OH, THAT'S TOO BAD, BUT--

ROARR!

BUT, ZABU--

ROARRR!

FORGET IT! IT'S NOT IN YOUR CONTRACT!

YES, ZABU.

NO, ZABU.

YES, ZABU.

YES, ZABU. OF COURSE, ZABU.

WHAT?!?! ABSOLUTELY *NOT!*

OH, *YEAH?* WELL, THE SAME TO *YOU!*

SLAMM!

CALL ME A *BOORISH BIPED*, WILL HE! ⇒*GRUMBLE!*⇐

LET'S SEE NOW. WHERE WAS I BEFORE I WAS SO *RUDELY* INTERRUPTED?

OH, YES. KITTY PRYDE BECOMES GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK AND--

RRRINNG!

NUTS! THE PHONE AGAIN.

YEAH? WHO IS IT? *MEOWRR...?*

SURE I FORGIVE YOU, ZABU. AND GIVE MY REGARDS TO KA-ZAR AND SHANNA.

THAT ZABU. HE TRIES TO ACT TOUGH... BUT HE'S A REAL PUSSY-CAT.

'BYE.

Script: **DANNY FINGEROTH** Photography: **ELIOT R. BROWN**